


C  
D25Lcl.  
1867

CLASS DAY,

DARTMOUTH.

—•••—  
1867.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2017 with funding from  
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Alternates

<https://archive.org/details/exercisesofclass00dart>

EXERCISES

OF

CLASS DAY

AT

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,

TUESDAY, JULY 16, 1867.

---

CONCORD:

PRINTED BY McFARLAND & JENKS.

1867.

MARSHAL:

JAMES W. PALMER,

GREAT FALLS, N. H.

# ORATION.

---

## THE IMMORTAL BUILDING AND ITS THREE PILLARS.

---

BY ROBERT G. McNIECE, TOPSHAM, VT.

---

WITH commingled joy and sadness we stand at last upon the threshold of our college home, awaiting the last maternal benediction and counsel; with joy, because of the possible glory of the future, and with sadness, because there shall return to us never again "the tender grace of a day that is dead."

It was our fortune to enter these peaceful retreats of study when the sky was darkened by the frowning, somber shadows of civil war. Hence there are, doubtless, many who would have helped to swell our chorus of song to-day, now sleeping in nameless graves by the murmuring waters of the James and the Rappahannock. Whether our lot be preferable to theirs or not, depends wholly upon the purposes with which we go out from under the shadow of these elms, and upon the character of our lives and death.

Standing, as we do, in the foot-prints of many whose names are never spoken here, or elsewhere, but with reverence and honor, with a long farewell upon our lips to scenes and days around which memory will ever delight to linger, both time and place conspire to call attention to something of a grave and practical nature. "THE IMMORTAL BUILDING AND ITS THREE PILLARS," then, is the theme which invites brief but serious consideration. And what is this "immortal building?" For we are accustomed to associate decay and mortality with every thing which human hands can frame. Says Sir Thomas

Browne, in his learned and matchless discourse on *Urn Burial*: "There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things: our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors'."

To be sure the same pyramids, which four thousand years ago looked down upon the shadowy procession of the passing generations, still stand in their grim majesty and invincible strength, and seem to bid absolute defiance to "time's effacing fingers." Yet we can not doubt that even they will ultimately crumble, and their lofty heads be laid low. But there is one edifice, fashioned by mortal architect, on which the moss of age shall not gather, and on which the iron mace of death shall leave no scar. That eternal and unseen fabric, of which we are all builders, is human character; individual character; the only commodity which mortals can carry with them through the narrow portals of the tomb; the only thing constructed by human agency that shall endure when the heavens above us shall be rolled together like a scroll. This can not be too often sounded in our ears; for on every side we see men, like thoughtless children, squandering energy and talent in building little shell-houses upon the sandy shore, which the effacing tide will soon sweep away for ever, while neglecting to add a single stone to that structure which is to be the never ending home of the soul. Nor can it be forgotten, though the thought be terrible, that bad character and good are alike immortal. The same pen which tells us of devout Abel gives us the name of his murderer, roaming the earth a fugitive, with the mark of heaven's vengeance on his brow; and on the same historic page are linked inseparably Thersites and Achilles, Alcibiades and Socrates, Arnold and Washington. But you are asked to consider noble character, lofty character. It rests on three adamantine pillars. The first is truth, or, perhaps better, truthfulness, not in word merely, but in deed and life. Says Emerson, "Truth is the summit of being;" and the unrivaled Cowper sings:

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside."

Yet there are those who seem to think they can lie their

way to glory, gain time by deceit, and, as it were, out-general all opponents. They may have success for a time in calm weather, but when the storm comes they will be left defenseless and bare; for all character that is founded on dissimulation and falsehood must assuredly in the end meet with overthrow and defeat.

“Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:  
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.”

So it proved in the case of Charles Stuart, who was a dissembler. Had he not been loyal to falsehood, and a traitor to the truth, a violator of the most sacred pledges, and a breaker of the most solemn oaths, the block had not soaked his gore, and he had slept in peace with his fathers. It was a very striking trait of one of the greatest of American statesmen, that he could state the truth of a matter with such lucid clearness and simple force that the very statement was enough to win conviction. Then it was that McGregor stood upon his native heath, and friends and foes alike could say with the followers of Clan Alpine:

“One blast upon his bugle-horn  
Were worth a thousand men.”

But there came a time when Roderic saw fit, for the sake of a glittering bubble, to round off the corners of the truth, which it had been alike the joy of his youth and the pride of his manhood to maintain; to cast it behind him, and then to substitute, in place thereof, the most atrocious and baseless of all falsehoods. How quickly then did the splendor of his great fame grow dim, and his sun at noon-day become shrouded in portentous gloom, the shadows of which, even yet, hover dark around the place where he sleeps. Truth implies knowledge, and knowledge is power. On what an immovable basis then does the man of truth and honor stand. The hosts of darkness may encompass him, but he can laugh them to scorn, for the Almighty and his angels encamp round about him.

The second pillar on which all worthy character must rest, is virtue, or moral excellence; not the cold and lifeless formula of some utilitarian Bentham, but living principle, based upon the primal truths of Christianity.



Paradoxical as it may seem, one may be truthful and sincere, and yet be immoral. But no talent, however brilliant; no genius, however commanding; can atone for lack of moral rectitude.

The ancients gave to Divinity three attributes: immortality, power, and virtue; "of which three," says Plutarch, "the noblest and divinest is virtue." There is a very remarkable passage in the works of DeQuincey; a man who had surveyed the whole field of ancient literature with philosophic eye, and knew the great men of modern fame as one knows the alphabet. "My faith," he says, "is, that though a great man may, by a rare possibility, be an infidel, an intellect of the highest order must build upon Christianity." Striking utterance, and one demanding careful thought, considering the authority which lends it weight. In these days, when the foundations of things are being broken up, and every thing sifted with critical severity, one can scarcely cling with too much tenacity to the simple, unadorned Christian truths and principles his mother taught him, until he is absolutely certain that what he is asked to place his feet upon is indeed a rock, and not some metaphysical illusion.

One very ominous feature of the present is the homage paid to mere talent, and the low estimate that is put upon character. Men are elevated to the most responsible places whose private lives are stained with all manner of disgraceful vice, and then comes the bitter harvest of defalcation and political chicanery and corruption. And no matter how depraving the influence and example—how unworthy the life—there comes forth some persuasive Pericles to gild it with eulogium, and drown disgrace in unstinted praise. If Satan himself, by some lucky mishap, should become defunct, there would doubtless appear some admiring friend to apologize for the little irregularities of his life, and laud him for his domestic virtues.

We are dazzled by the luster of great names, and blinded by the radiance of genius, until virtue seems to be of little worth. Magic pens and silver tongues transform into an angel of light, before our bewildered eyes, some Scottish poet, whose life was bedruggled in debauchery; who sneered at religion; mocked at virtue with his pen, and trampled it under foot by bitter example; and then, at the early age of thirty-seven, slept in a drunkard's grave. Draw



over the errors of poor humanity the fraternal mantle of forgiving charity, and pay all becoming tribute to the poet, the sweet music of whose song is not only blended for ever with the rippling waters of the Ayr and the Doon, but sends cheerful echoes alike to the peasant's cottage and the hall of princes. Let admiration, if need be, liken him to an "Æolian harp, in whose strings the vulgar wind, as it passed through them, changed itself into articulate melody;" but let not unreasonable praise, either Scottish or American, place him before the world as a man of regal port, who met the ills of life with patient fortitude, lest others be encouraged to drown misfortune in dissipation, and vice and profligacy be cherished as stepping stones to monumental fame.

It is said that when Marshal McDonald made that terrible charge which pierced the Austrian center, in the memorable battle of Wagram, his course for three miles could be marked by a tortuous windrow of corpses. So every one who undertakes to march through the world without being securely clad in the panoply of moral excellence, will find in the end that his own forces have been terribly decimated, and behind him a darkened line of prostrate human souls, whom his noxious influence has blasted as he passed. Let it be carved in letters of unfading brightness, over the entrance to every profession, that "The temple of honor is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue."

The last pillar of character is Heroism; not that displayed upon the bloody deck, nor tented field; but moral, Christian heroism. First, a worthy purpose; then, adherence to the death. No one need go about apologizing to those he meets for his presence in the world; but he must do it, unless his character is based upon the pillars of which we speak. We need not run to Marathon, nor to the "rocky gorge of Hellas," to hunt for heroism, nor to the gibbet or stake as a place to manifest it. For—

"'T is as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves  
Of a legendary virtue, carved upon our fathers' graves."

Exacting conventionalism and brazen precedent are the fetters which bind the consciences and minds of men. In the terse language of Emerson, "The virtue in most request is conformity." To cut one's self loose from the

relentless bonds of unreasonable custom ; “ to leap the rotten pales of prejudice,” and deliberately take one’s stand upon the despised platform of some individual conviction of right and duty, as did the anti-slavery heroes of thirty-five years ago, requires a heroism scarcely less than that which wreathes the martyr’s head with its crown of glory and flame. But it must be done, or manhood is swallowed up in the all-engulfing current of blind adherence to custom or party. The most imperative need of “ the land of all we love” is not for erudite scholars and brilliant poets ; great advocates and wise statesmen ; but for men of truth ; moral men—heroic men ; who shall set justice above policy ; manhood above prosperous commerce or material glory ; men who shall stand unwavering in the presence of the most alluring temptation, even as the stalwart Cromwell and his redoubtable Ironsides were wont to stand with calmness upon the bristling crest of battle, inspiring their foes with terror and their friends with hope, and by the all-potent majesty of their very example, wrench departing victory from under the very “ ribs of death ;” men, the luster of whose private lives shall redeem American politics from its vile shroud of infamy and falsehood, and open the way for placing in official station those who shall neither bring disgrace upon themselves, nor compel their countrymen to hang their heads in shame. Not the greatest part, I ween, of that ever-during chaplet of honorable fame which encircles the majestic brow of John Milton, is due to the fact that he wrote unrivaled verse of such “ linked sweetness” as to connect his name evermore with him who tuned his immortal lyre amid the rock-girt islands of the *Ægean* sea ; but because his “ whole life was a heroic poem ;” because, in dark days when the hearts of men failed them for fear, he stood forth the fearless champion of a despised but righteous cause, and when republicanism had been crushed beneath the wheels of monarchy, when the headsman’s axe had sent his old coadjutors, Vane and Hampden, to martyr’s graves, and a cowardly king had heaped indignity upon the bones of the conqueror of Naseby and Marston Moor, his eagle spirit was unsubdued, and rebuking the cowardice of some of his associates, amid obloquy and scorn, amid poverty and blindness, he maintained his high-souled integrity to the very death.

None of us may sit in chairs of state, or bind our brows with wreaths of worldly fame; but each and every one can carve for himself a manly character. And whether the sphere in which Providence may place him be broad or narrow, he can cheer the hearts of his fellow mortals by steadfast adherence to a high purpose, and leave behind him the sweet and abiding influence of a pure life.

Whoever does this, though he dwell in obscurity, and not a single stone mark the place where he sleeps, leads a successful life. The world may not call it success, but such it is, measured by the only true standard. Let us try it.

On the shore of one of our great lakes there is a grave in which sleeps the dust of a distinguished man,—distinguished for his native ability, for his energy, worthy of all commendation, and for that persistency which is one of the noblest prerogatives of Saxon blood. His cradle was poverty—his school privation, but he triumphed over all and sat where princes might aspire to stand. In the long procession that followed him to his grave, “the horn-handed breakers of the glebe” walked amid the carriages of the wealthy and those high in place. The corner stone of the lofty column erected to his memory was laid with regal pomp and national honor, and he is pointed out as the proud growth of free government, and as one who from obscurity achieved renowned success. Now I dare say, that so far from being a success, his life was an abject failure, because the character on which it rested was “built on stubble.” His whole public life never rose above policy. He never pretended to be governed by any just principle of morality—believing that religion and politics should be kept separate. Indeed, one who occupies no mean place in American literature, himself above all reproach, says that “of all our noted politicians, he was the one who reduced immorality in politics to a science.” You may search his record in vain to find a word or deed in which he ever took his stand upon any principle of equity or moral obligation. He was one of that school of statesmen who stand upon the rotten platform whose one rotten plank is “Our country, right or wrong.” It was truthfully said of him that “he confirmed no young man’s faith, he cheered no old man’s despondency.” His one solitary aim was to wield the scepter of the nation, and to obtain this the dearest of human rights



was considered as a mere feather in the balance. Yet, standing by his grave, the Premier of the Republic could say in the ears of American youth, that to this man, whose claim to statesmanship rests on a political trick, who discarded from politics every moral sentiment, to this man "the nation and mankind owe an irredeemable debt, and he will live in the memory and homage of mankind with Lincoln, and with the Washingtons and Hamiltons of the Revolutionary age." Now if the life of such a man be a success, who does not pray for failure? If such be success, and the world says it is, then did Milton, Hampden and Sidney, Knox, Luther and Paul, "die as the fool dieth." Then eternal ignominy and oblivion should for ever settle around that grave at Phalerum, on the shore of Attica, where two thousand years ago was buried a poor exile, who, by the consenting voice of ages, is held up as the impersonation of virtue, and of whom the prince of all biographers, quoting from Plato, says, "that of all the great and renowned men in the city of Athens, he was the only one worthy of consideration; for Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles, filled the city with porticoes, treasure, and many other vain things; but Aristides guided his public life by the rule of justice; "being of opinion," Plutarch adds, "that the integrity of his words and actions was the only right security for a good citizen." Be not deceived by this word *success*, nor by the grand eulogiums and stately monuments which even by national aid are bestowed upon the dead. Says good old Thomas Fuller, "He was a witty man who first taught a stone to speak; but he was a wicked man that taught it first to lie." Success! I could take you to-day to the sequestered spot where sleep the remains of one whose name will never be known beyond the narrow boundary of a neighborhood, or to one whose footsteps, scarcely more than a year ago, were wont to echo in these halls, with whose spotless life and influence the best might wish to be dowered. And just in proportion as a treasure which can be carried through the dark and narrow vale of death, and serve as a passport to eternal glory, is above that which moth can corrupt and which must be left at the grave's brink, just in that proportion is this obscure life a greater and grander success than that of the statesman sleeper who was buried with national honor, and whose

memory must be linked to a granite column to preserve it from the mold of oblivion.

Some fifty years hence there will be for the class privileged to sit on this platform to-day thirty-eight graves. And doubtless the sweet song of summer birds in yonder elms shall greet the ears of some of us not again. We need not shrink from the mention of this, for we know full well that even the grave, instead of being the stair-way of descent to corruption and darkness, can be made the ladder of Jacob, conducting to light and glory immortal. Where these graves may be, matters little, whether on the green hill side, the distant prairie, or at the bottom of the sea; but it matters much what shall be the epitaphs written upon them. And let it not be forgotten that we are writing them here, and now, by the aims, principles and purposes which we determine to make the pole-star of our lives. Whatever be the aspirations of any in this profession or that, let the highest of all ambition be to build a character buttressed by the never-failing pillars of truth, christian principle, and heroic fortitude, which shall stand unshaken when the pillars of Hercules have bowed their majestic heads in the dust. He who has the anchor of such a character need fear no misfortune, no storm of adversity, for he is

“Moored in the rifted rock,  
Proof to the tempest’s shock.”

As Fuller says of his good yeoman, “though he serveth on foot, he is ever mounted on a high spirit;” and when the scenes of earth are receding for ever from his mortal vision, he can—

“—lay his just hands on that golden key  
That opes the palace of eternity.”

# P O E M .

BY AMOS W. WRIGHT.

Dame Nature is the type of human thought,  
And when she veils her brightness we are brought,  
Through sympathy, into a graver sphere,  
And to our distant selves perhaps more near.  
As from the low'ring clouds and storm swept earth  
Our minds are made to comprehend the worth  
Of sunnier days, e'en so from hours of sadness  
We learn to truly value those of gladness.  
Life's artist paints the somber hues of grief  
To bring our joys in still more full relief,  
And forms his picture thus of light and shade,  
Of rainbow tints with those of gloom inlaid,  
Of rugged hills which form the peaceful vale  
And when 't is done, the gentler parts prevail.  
Such are our lives—and when we view the past  
The harsher tints by years are overcast  
And milder toned, as in the twilight gray  
The roughness of a landscape fades away.  
And classmates, whom old ruthless Time has hurled  
Most through this college world within a world,  
So, when our lives their length'ning shadows throw,  
Shall we review the days of long ago.  
If we are spared long hence, as gray-haired men,  
To walk beneath these well loved elms again,  
Those gone, perchance, who led us through the maze  
Of follies that beset our youthful days,  
Who turned our thoughts to things of greater good,  
And hope we not in vain; yet where they stood  
We will remember, and the vacant places  
So nobly filled by their familiar faces  
Will prove an aching void upon the sight;  
A void indeed, but in fond memory's light  
Their absent forms will greet our eyes again,  
And we shall live in days that once have been.  
Ah! College life—but pardon our poor Muse



If she should dare some other path to choose,  
To wander from the worn and beaten track  
By college poets trod for ages back.  
We know its power of inspiration  
Combats all thought of a migration,  
And to place the old in the garb of rhyme  
Is an easier task and takes less time  
Than to essay a creative vein,  
And, beside, involves less wear of the brain.  
But now we live in a venturesome age,  
With conservative errors pushed from the stage,  
And if, in trying to follow the fashion,  
Our muse should fail, she asks your compassion.  
We love to sit and think of by-gone days,  
And they affect us in a thousand ways,  
Have made us what we are ; and what we 've lost  
Is gone for ever, ours alone the cost.  
Our past stands fixed and never to be changed,  
A well known country over which we've ranged,  
So that our mind with easy steps can go  
Through every path and by-way ; but not so  
The future, where some fancy forms may loom  
In outline dim and then be lost in gloom.  
And thence, as miners, delving under ground  
For hidden wealth that in the rocks is found,  
We quarry out our life's uncertain course,  
Its various deeds, its gladness, its remorse ;  
And, when the precious ore the furnace clears,  
The refuse is our broken hopes and tears.  
But there are peerless jewels in this mine  
Whose rays with bright effulgence ever shine ;  
And from them all no clearer radiance glows  
Than that which from a noble manhood flows.  
And when our separate streams of life at last  
Into the one great sea of death are cast,  
When our tired feet their earthly round have trod,  
Our spirits yielded up themselves to God,  
There is a no more grateful offering made  
Than this with reverence on his altar laid.  
It needs no vaunting words of prose or song  
To tell what virtues to its realm belong :  
It stands forth boldly, comprehending all  
The brave and good, and as some mountain tall  
Above the clouds erects its snowy crest,  
While lower peaks the wind and rain invest ;

So does true manhood reach above the storm  
Of envious guilt which lesser minds deform,  
And bear the print of truth upon its brow,  
Before which all the meaner motives bow.  
Nor need we look to any far-off land  
To find examples, when so near us stand  
Those who have fought to lessen human woe;  
Ah, from our Alma Mater's side they go  
From out her walls full many noble men,  
And many such will issue thence again.  
Beneath that dome upon Potomac's side  
Where factious spirits' envious thoughts reside,  
Where bribes, ambition and corruption throng  
The weak to conquer and unman the strong,  
Where treachery disguised, insidious lurks  
In honor's garb, to do its evil works,  
A noble champion for the right has stood  
Unmoved, to labor for his nation's good ;  
And there is written on the book of fame  
No brighter line than Thaddeus Stevens' name.  
Let those who hope a ruler's seat to gain,  
If the fair prize long sought for they obtain  
Through fortune kind, let them remember then  
The nation's greatest need is honest men.  
The age has gone when glory could be won  
In wars alone, by deeds of valor done ;  
And he the champion of a righteous cause,  
Who never deigns at threats or jeers to pause,  
Bears in his breast as true courageous fire  
As ever warrior felt his soul inspire ;  
And armed men no harder are to fight  
Than old time-honored errors to set right.  
A generation scarce has passed away  
Since your much boasted Boston saw the day,  
A lingering remnant of those years long back  
When hellish tortures of the flame and rack  
Were used as rightful arguments to wring  
A base submission to a bigot king,  
A man, half naked, through the streets was led,  
With hoots and jeers and curses on his head,  
Led by a rope, because he wished to blot  
From out our flag its foul and only spot.  
Yet ever forward on his course he pressed  
And Garrison by millions now is blessed.

From all around, from legislative halls,  
 From nature, science, and existing wrong,  
 The self same clarion voice appealing calls  
 For earnest men their various paths to throng.

The earth has yielded of her treasurers up  
 Enough the curious brain for aye to press ;  
 And still 't is but a drop from out the cup,  
 Yet filled the toils of future thought to bless.

The ocean beckons on from every side,  
 Each star with twinkle bright says " What am I ?"  
 The arctic zone unfolds its portals wide  
 And asks the secret of its radiant sky.

In far off lands, beneath a tropic sun,  
 Dark ignorance though mute is eloquent,  
 And points to works of mercy yet undone,  
 To God appointed labors yet unspent.

Our lives should mark their course as little streams  
 Which pass through meadows showing where they flow,  
 By lines, upon their banks where verdure beams,  
 Bedecked with beauty where so e'er they go.

Such streams as find their source in heights above  
 Where bubble up the never failing springs  
 Of justice, pity, sympathy, and love,  
 And bless the earth in all their wanderings.

The sturdy pine withstands the wintry blast  
 With limbs protecting from the snow and hail ;  
 So heroes stand, in war's deep tumult cast,  
 And meet the storm before which others quail.

The tender flow'ret, which the zephyrs bend  
 In beauty, yields its fragrance to the air ;  
 So little acts of love and friendship send  
 Their many nameless blessings every where.

If there is aught within this world of ours,  
 And it has thorns, God knows, as well as flowers—  
 If there is aught that can the heart beguile  
 From harrowing care when fortune will not smile,  
 It is when friendship's gentle influence steals  
 One from his darker self, and so reveals,  
 Behind the curtain of his gloomy thought,  
 A brighter picture than his fancy wrought ;  
 And makes the opening future wear again

A cheerful aspect to his tortured brain.  
 And this it is that we should nurture here  
 Sorrow to soothe and wipe the falling tear,  
 A kind and heartfelt sympathy to lend,  
 To truly merit the blessed name of friend.  
 True manhood is not made of stuff so stern  
 As all these gentler attributes to spurn.  
 The last great act of Sidney served to shed  
 A brighter halo round his honored head,  
 When, wounded, sore, and parched with torturing thirst,  
 He gave the water to his comrade first.

The goal we labor for is never won—  
 Our work upon the earth is never done—  
 When gained at length, the hoped for end, which seems  
 The ultimatum of our youthful dreams,  
 Far, far beyond a widening prospect lies,  
 Its beauties opening to our eager eyes ;  
 So ever in new paths we seek to tread,  
 And new born hopes rise in the restless head ;  
 So move we on the never ending way,  
 So moves the world, progressing day by day,  
 And he who carries oft is left behind  
 A laggard in the ceaseless march of mind.  
 Why is it thus ? Let those who seek reply  
 Find it in other realms beyond the sky.  
 Press onward ; if ambition be your guide,  
 So use it that good angels will not chide ;  
 Strive honestly the earned reward to meet  
 And find it other than a "glorious cheat."  
 So may your names to fame be not unknown  
 And on your brows rest laurels yet ungrown.

O Fame, to youthful hearts the highest prize  
 That here on earth the brain or hand may win,  
 Within thy realms what subtle power lies  
 That men contend to gain thee e'en with sin.

For thee Herostratus the temple burned,  
 Glory of Ephesus, Ionia's pride,  
 That when the pages of the past were turned  
 Though linked with shame his name might be descried.

To thee the blood of thousands weighs as nought  
 Within the balance of the conqueror's mind ;  
 All else unheeding, onward has he fought,  
 With cities sacked and ruined lands behind.

For thee, with nobler impulse labored one,  
 A son of genius and with sightless eye,  
 To leave a tribute when his course was run,  
 "Which the world would not willingly let die."

And sure 't is something great for men to feel  
 They still will live though ages pass the while ;  
 As on our minds in glory e'er will steal,  
 "The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

But should the power of glory be so strong  
 As to repel all other from our thought,  
 To lure us on through deeds or right or wrong  
 Nor reckon the cost at which it shall be bought.

Does Nero's name a priceless boon appear ?  
 Does Thersites awake your admiration ?  
 Or does the deathless pedestal they rear  
 Impel you on with ardent emulation ?

Far sweeter comes unto our ear the song  
 That hymns the praise of Milton, blind and old.  
 More grateful thoughts round Sidney's memory throng  
 Whose deeds in life were diamonds set in gold.

And yet there comes a voice from far-off Greece,  
 From days replete with glorious men who sent  
 Their fame unto our own. In war and peace  
 Her past is like her "Old Man Eloquent."

Such lives there are as thrill the blood of youth,  
 And kindle bright the flame of aspiration.  
 Such lives there are of nobleness and truth,  
 As wake the earnest thought of imitation.

And though 't is only to the favored few  
 The boon is given erst by Juno offered  
 To Paris, where Mount Ida's forests grew,  
 And where he chose the gift that Venus proffered.

Yet lies it now within our power to grasp  
 The greater worth Minerva saw him fling  
 Away, because, poor youth, he wished to clasp  
 The fairest wife that all the land could bring.

Ah, why do men throw wisdom in the shade,  
 And buy the present joy with future woe ?  
 Ask Antony, ask Paris, why they laid  
 Their glory down and lost all else below.

Far be it from our thought to draw from thence  
A proof that woman's influence drags us down;  
Her deeds are more, far more than recompense  
For all the ills that lessen her renown.

There was a maiden, when men's spirits failed,  
Who raised their courage from a lifeless trance,  
Who faced the storm, when stouter hearts had quailed,  
And drove th' invader from her land of France.

We 've read of mothers who inspired their sons  
With eager valor for the unequal strife;  
And from the pen no worthier tribute runs  
Than honest praises of the Spartan wife.

We *know* of mothers who have filled our hearts  
With what of virtue haply we possess,  
Whose love, through all the coming years, imparts  
Its pleading guidance erring lives to bless.

And there are others, — to repeat whose names  
Might bring into our cheeks the treacherous glow,  
Whose image dear full many an action shames,  
And leads our streams of thought to purer flow.

But while we speak, the moments swiftly bring  
Our band, here joined, to that remorseless line  
Which marks our separation; and there spring  
Heart-throbs which our poor muse can ill define,  
And then what comes? I would I could respond  
What meets one in that untried realm beyond.  
Our prophet's words can tell our woe and bliss  
Far better than such driveling verse as this.  
Theirs be the task, and dare we to assume,  
The darkness of our parting to illumine?  
The thought that those who daily with us here  
Have mingled much, and whom we hold so dear,  
Will with the hope their earnest faces tell  
Bid us a God-speed and a sad farewell.



## CHRONICLES.

---

BY JAMES R. WILLARD, OLIVET, MICH.

---

You have listened to the "rills of oily eloquence" as they fell in golden showers from the lips of your gifted orator, and the musical rhymes of your poet are still echoing through this relic of architectural simplicity. But with these silver notes still floating in the air and ringing in your ears, I have the audacity, and shall take the liberty, to invite your uncritical attention to a simple narrative, in which the principal landmarks of our college life are recorded. These events have been mainly culled from memory's tablet, and though this article of mental furniture has oftentimes proved a "fleeting show" in the recitation-room, it is hoped that your chronicler may merit, and receive, the meed of having uttered "words of truth and soberness." Life's shadows have occasionally appeared during the last four years, but the "sweet side the sun's upon" has oftener shed its genial rays upon our pathway, and if, through inadvertence, a few of those pleasantries, vulgarly termed jokes, have crept in to mar the sobriety of these pages, I trust a generous audience will pardon the error. Moreover, if within the sound of my voice there should chance to be a fossilized relic of puritanical severity, the stern repose of whose features a smile might ruffle, I beg you to lay aside all fear, for, though a hearty laugh might indeed be a great surprise to your face, it has ever been considered a harmless experiment. It is, perhaps, impossible to accurately describe a pæne's emotions, when, for the first time, he finds himself friendless and houseless in the streets of Hanover. As he winds his way toward that grand embodiment of centralized power, the Prex's study, he has a vague suspicion that about nine tenths of the students whom he encounters are occupying their leisure moments in watching his movements. With a firm upper

lip, trembling knees, and nervous dissection of his hat-rim, he presents himself before the individual whom Dartmouth delights to honor. Having passed the fearful ordeal, he comes forth eagerly clutching that magic slip of paper which is to introduce him to other members of the Faculty. Examination over, and matriculation papers safely stowed away in his breast pocket, what an enormous weight of anxiety has been removed! How peacefully he reposes on his Alma Mater's bosom, and how confidently he imbibes the classic draught from the perennial fountain. How dream-like every thing appears, until the spell is broken by the shrill war-whoop of some half-civilized Sophomore, whose muscles have developed at his brain's expense. Henceforth, until his bark is moored in the haven of Sophomoric security, his daily, and especially his nightly, experience, is one in which the shoals and quicksands of college life abound. But I must pass from "glittering generalities" to lusterless particulars.

MAYNARD is said to have been the first member of the class who applied for admission. This event, if report can be relied upon, was attended by ominous vibrations of the official head, but remembering how gloriously insignificant beginnings have sometimes terminated, he was allowed to enter under certain conditions, which I should be happy to specify, did not time forbid. Brighter days were yet to come however, and on the morning of Sept. 3, 1863, the Freshmen seats in Chapel were ornamented by a respectable supply of the raw material. The monotony of the Fall term was relieved by the usual amount of attention, which the Sophomores gratuitously bestowed upon the class. It has never been definitely ascertained whether the class of '66 attended a course of medical lectures during this term or not, but certain it is that they manifested the greatest solicitude for the preservation of our health, voluntarily undertaking to see that our rooms were properly ventilated. About this time, PALMER and WOODMAN exercised their sporting proclivities upon some unknown individuals who were giving practical illustrations of that interesting subject, the "Flight of Projectiles." It is perhaps needless to remark that the campaign was short but decisive, their visitors taking French leave, and in the hurry of the moment forgetting to leave their cards. Spring term was immortalized by GAGE, who made some

startling disclosures respecting Calypsonian navigation, in which he revealed a somewhat more extensive acquaintance with human nature than ancient geography. At this period, GREENE developed an appetite that would compare favorably with the Fat Boy's of Pickwickian notoriety, thereby incurring the eternal hatred of boarding-house matrons. Summer term opened with the flowers of May, and a quiet season seemed in store, after the tempestuous voyages which the class had made in company with that gay, rollicking blade, the tale of whose misfortunes has been bequeathed by Homer to generations of Freshmen yet unborn. But the sky soon became overcast, and fresh trouble came in the form of a "cane row," in which LECKY, the exasperated Fenian, gained considerable renown by attempting to wrest a cane from the grasp of the Professor who now graces the Senate Chamber. He was shorn of his strength, however, by the simple utterance of the words, "let go of that you little rascal." McNIECE, too, attracted no little attention by his surprising agility; but when the Professor, who was acting as President for the time, gently seized him by the coat collar and requested the honor of his acquaintance, your eloquent orator was suddenly bereft of his usual fluency of speech, and could only faintly articulate, "I have a staff somewhere in this vicinity, which demands my immediate attention." He was then presented to several members of the Faculty, but as all of them knew him perfectly, but could not recall his name, our Professor of Geology was forced to admit that he had at last found a specimen which he was unable to locate. The fact was doubtless recorded in the College Archives. Three of the class, who covered themselves with glory in this encounter, were kindly permitted by "the powers that be" to spend a few weeks in the country for the purpose of recruiting their exhausted energies. WOODMAN demonstrated the metaphysical truth that all of the senses do not waken simultaneously, when he attempted to extinguish a match that had been dexterously attached to his nose while he was enjoying a nap. WALLACE conceived a dislike for this individual after being repeatedly annoyed by extemporized experiments in acoustics at unseasonable hours. The class was greatly increased during the latter part of this term by the acquisition of a new member from Manchester, who successfully passed a severe examination,

made by GARLAND, but was inclined to indulge in certain inelegant expressions, when he learned that he must first go through a similar course, under the supervision of the Faculty, before he could be admitted. The same individual, when chairman of a class-meeting, was interrupted in the midst of his inaugural address by a general stampede for the door, as the last tones of the dinner bell died away—eloquence being at a discount, when judged by the light of a cold mutton-chop. Shortly after this event, BARTLETT and HAYWOOD were mistaken for pickpockets in an Albany theater—an error in HAYWOOD'S case difficult of explanation, since he now wears the same innocent and babe-like expression with which he left the paternal roof. Perhaps the principle for which that faithful canine martyr suffered was involved.

Summer term closed with the usual exercises which I need not mention, as they differed in no essential particulars from those which have annually occurred for nearly a century. The beginning of Sophomore year was signalized by several events, not the least of which was the arrival of a specimen *brick* from Haverhill, which has given general satisfaction, though it came very near being rejected by the builders on account of its unusual hardness. A mighty NOYES now came up from Georgetown, but, like all mere sound, he has never been considered dangerous—his remarks being principally confined to Bowdoin College and “the girl I left behind me.” Wisconsin added her mite in the person of the immortal DANFORTH, who consented to let his name appear in the catalogue, only, as he said, because Dartmouth graduates were held in high esteem at German Universities. He proved a transient visitor, however, and his memory lives only at his boarding-house, though his name occasionally appears in certain laundry records. A Hoosier was also admitted whose exploits would fill a small volume. It is supposed that he sometimes indulged in *fits of abstraction*, from the fact that he was once detected in a vain attempt to reach his room by creeping under the gate. During this term the class developed considerable musical talent; a glee club having been formed, it was found that, with very few exceptions, all were independent performers. At the reception given to the Freshmen by our honored President, *music* was kindly furnished by the above mentioned club, for which,



I regret to say, we have never received any sort of acknowledgment. Not long afterward we received our first impression of Hanover society at the Sophomore levee,—an impression which has been gradually deepening in the case of some, while the general boorishness of others would seem to indicate that much good advice has been thrown away. The closing weeks of the term were enlivened by liberal extracts from Isocrates. It is difficult to conceive why he should have been called the “Old Man Eloquent,” if the renderings in the class-room did him justice. Spring term seems to have been for the class a period of blissful hibernation, since after the most careful research I have been unable to cull from the mass of dry rubbish anything worth noting, if I except the partially successful attempt of PALMER to manufacture kerosene oil. This compound, which for a time deceived the best judges, seemed to possess all the essential elements, though it proved a signal failure when tested as an illuminating fluid. Summer term opened gloomily enough. The effort to turn the Chapel into a barber-shop had sorely grieved the authorities, and retributive justice decreed that three of our number should have a few months for meditation upon the fleeting character of mundane bliss, and the general uncertainty of a College course. WHITE now caught the bounty-fever and enlisted. It was a time when patriotism had reached an alarming height, and as our heated imagination pictured the deadly conflict, we “cut” recitation in a mass, and escorted our brave classmate to the depot, where we remained cheering at a blue cap until the train vanished. This so excited the admiration of our Professor, that he immediately began a collection of autographs, kindly excusing the class from the performance of all duties until each signature had been properly affixed to a remarkable literary production, which would have thrown no discredit upon that wily diplomat, Napoleon’s Prime Minister. About this time the peaceful repose of unsuspecting Freshmen was disturbed by “circumstances of a very aggravating nature, in which the better portion of the class seemed to be engaged, while even WOODMAN offered his room as a place of refuge for the conspirators.” At this period GREENE first began the use of those stimulating compounds which are warranted to force a luxuriant capillary growth from a drum-head within thirty days.

The astonishing result obtained leaves no doubt respecting the efficacy of unguents. MAYNARD is the author of the following delicate inquiry, "Lecky, were you ever in love?" The stunning blow which succeeded, indicated that he had been there, but found the atmosphere rather cool. Near the close of the term BRICKETT indulged in frequent fits of negro-minstrelsy, and, in consequence, became a regular attendant upon Faculty meetings. At one of these social gatherings, a lengthy discourse upon the general impropriety of such proceedings, terminated with this brief but comprehensive suggestion: "In short, Brickett, this buffoonery must cease." At the close of this year OSGOOD left us for the purpose of prosecuting his law studies. Not long since his "shingle" made its appearance in the city of Manchester, where he is now enjoying matrimonial felicity. At latest accounts the firm were about to introduce a "well-spring of pleasure,"—said, by competent judges, to be superior to a perennial soda-fountain. After the hard riding of examination week,—three consecutive days having been passed in the saddle, not to mention the enormous number of *stadia* which our jaded troop of horse was compelled to traverse during the night-watches,—the class very properly ordered a supper, the rare delicacies of which even now awaken sweet recollections. EDGERLY was nominally the orator of the occasion, and as this fair ensample of modern eloquence "opened his mouth and spake," we were ready to exclaim with the poet—

"Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought:"

but as the indications of a plentiful harvest were not very alarming, it is probable that the thought-flowers were nipped by an early frost.

With the beginning of Junior year several new faces appeared in the class-room. THOMAS drew suspicion upon himself at once from the enormous pile of recommendations which he presented, it being the popular, though sometimes erroneous belief, that a man's character is doubtful in proportion to the number of these documents which he carries. WRIGHT started from home on the same train with Thomas, but was detained on the route through the carelessness of a baggage master, who sent the trunk containing his *clothing* in the wrong direction.



I record this with great exactness, since it is the only time that he was ever known to be in real distress. The same individual realized that there was something in a name, Shakspeare to the contrary, notwithstanding, when he replied to a young lady, who was addressing words of endearment to a pet canary which rejoiced in the sobriquet of Amos. A genuine live Hoosier was also admitted who attracted considerable attention. His first term in College was mainly consumed in recounting his daring exploits during our late civil conflict, from which it appears that Gen. Grant's laurels hang by a very slender thread. The anxious expression which occasionally clouds his classic brow is due to an unfortunate attachment existing between him and a certain young lady. As the Captain has firmly declared that he "won't marry any but a first class woman," the chances are that our classmate will, at no future day, figure quite extensively in a breach of promise case.

"A horrid SPECTER now rises to my sight,"

the burden of whose song has been "the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." I suppose when HILL pronounced the ordinances of God superior to the statutes of this State, he intended the remark as a bit of sarcasm for MANN'S consideration. "Dr. ROACH" now "sporting his oak," and commenced the practice of medicine among us. The system which he adopted has never been clearly ascertained, since some of his theories were utterly at variance with those entertained by the Medical Faculty. In two particulars at least he seemed to be in harmony with the Allopathic system; by invariably giving enormous doses of the same compound for all diseases, and by preferring to practice upon the sleeve of his dressing gown rather than swallow his own medicine. McMURPHY, however, thinks that "ROACH" is n't a reliable physician. I now come to that grand epoch in our academic history which introduced a new order of things into our little college world—I refer to the arrival of Irwin, ex-commissary sergeant of the "Hodunk Guards." This individual's name had previously appeared in the catalogues of various institutions of learning, while his extensive acquaintance with college Faculties renders his opinions respecting educational matters worthy of confidence. The fact that

he has decided to receive the degree of A. B. from the hand of Dartmouth certainly speaks well for the reputation of this "ancient seat of learning." For the present we will dismiss our worthy Prophet, trusting that he may again turn up in the course of events. The class also varied the daily monotony by taking occasional "Rambles among words."

The fact that I have no very distinct recollection of the route taken or general features of the region through which we passed, leads me to suppose that the scenery was neither romantic or inviting. You will doubtless be surprised to learn that we now took up the study of Logic, though you will perhaps remember that we met with but little success in our attempts to thread its mazy labyrinths—MOSHER, by his awkwardness, getting firmly impaled on both horns of a dilemma, while MERRILL, being too indolent to keep up with the class, took a sleeping-car and awoke refreshed at our journey's end. Rhetoric next claimed our attention, which you will probably recall in connection with certain expressions made in the attending course of debates. MANN, while forging thunderbolts against the regulations of Girard College, declared that "when an orphan is admitted to this institution, he is snatched at once from the control of his parents and subjected to the soul-destroying influence of infidelity." CATE, in attempting to drift down the current of fame in company with Daniel Webster, fell overboard, but was rescued through the violent efforts of Prof. Sanborn. The following sentence formed the peroration of LECKY's speech: "My opponent can not refute these statements, because he is not able." WOODMAN, after being located on the stage and having his mouth opened, was found to possess such an unnatural flow of words that he was asked to reserve the remainder of his remarks until winter vacation. HENDERSON committed a slight error in ascribing a Scriptural quotation to the Rev. Mr. Leeds. "Little Joe," while suffering from a severe attack of *plurima verba*, attempted to mount the *Bema*, but failed from sheer exhaustion. About the middle of this term PALMER invited IRWIN to share his room with him. The partnership lasted only a few weeks, however, and Commie was expelled as an innovator—our eccentric Prophet advocating a change of bed-linen twice

each term, while our Marshal refused to accede to the demand.

Spring term of Junior year dragged heavily. This season is generally unpleasant, but in Hanover it is peculiarly so. There is no fixed basis upon which to rest, and real estate is metamorphosed, with magical rapidity, into movable property. One clings to his native soil with a pertinacity truly wonderful. In fact it is scarcely safe to venture abroad without a pair of rubber boots, and a tin horn on which to sound the signal of distress, in case of a sudden decline in ready-made clothing. SKINNER distinguished himself at this period by attempting to mount the staircase leading to his room with a very large load of bricks in his hat. After several vain endeavors, at the end of which he invariably found himself at the foot of the stairs, he rang the door bell and asked mine host if he would be kind enough to show him Mr. Skinner's room. The *Ægis* declares that Junior Exhibition was a decided success, though it neglected to mention that two of the principal actors appeared the following day with discolored eyes and huge nasal organs. Such is the power of eloquence.

The early days of Summer term brought us a rumor that Amos had fallen in love. This at first was discredited, since his previous character had been above reproach; but as time rolled on and fresh proof accumulated, we were reluctantly forced to admit that even the best of men are sometimes led astray. The *modus operandi* which governs the tender flame varies with the general temperament of the individual. The majority of persons who indulge in matrimonial speculations, and have a natural hankering after the good (?) things of this life, coolly saunter into this newly-revealed world with eyes wide open, take off their hats, seat themselves, and never take the final leap until all the circumstances have been carefully weighed. But our Poet fell at once from *ennui* to perfect bliss, and, from the extreme length of his convalescence, I suppose he was affected by this accident very much like that unfortunate Hibernian who was never hurt so badly in so short a time. During this term an efficient police system was organized, under the immediate control of KETCHAM. The business, however, proved rather lively for the Captain. After an exciting

foot-race, in which the same fugitive from justice was thrice captured but finally escaped into Vermont, the Captain became disgusted with the whole concern, and refusing to make a town jail of himself any longer, struck for higher wages. THOMAS also declined to serve as a special detective until the bloodhounds were properly trained so as to discriminate between prisoner and officer. This mistake illustrates the popular fallacy that a man's character lies in his face. After an exciting contest the class prize for *beauty* was awarded to McMURPHY. I record this with great care since an aspiring Chandler is said to have exhibited a jack-knife purporting to be the gift of our class. LECKY's mark for this term was raised prodigiously by a happy selection of a theme for his chapel speech. THOMAS, in addition to the mass of information which he had already acquired, learned that cutting recitation for the purpose of riding out with ladies did not properly come under the head of "excusable absences." The transition from Junior ease to Senior dignity was successfully accomplished by all, including IRWIN, who got safely over on his second attempt. Among the few strange events that interrupted the sameness of this term I notice the prompt arrival of PALMER. This is the only time that he was ever known to be present at the beginning of a session, and is about as difficult of explanation as his extreme reticence concerning a wingless angel that watches over the outskirts of St. Johnsbury. Amos now suffered another relapse of that "invisible and cureless" malady, *cœur d'affaire*. Though he still greets his friends as of yore with a smiling countenance, it is evident that his heart is ill at ease. Stray sunbeams now and then gleam athwart his checkered course, and it must have been a moment of ecstatic bliss when he beheld the fading flower and bursting bud of his affection seeking consolation from the same hymn book. PALMER, finding nothing else to occupy his leisure moments, embarked in the tobacco business, charging exorbitant prices for a very poor quality of the weed. I am credibly informed that THOMAS paid him fifty dollars for four cigars and promised to hand him the balance in the morning. Josh Billings has very happily delineated our Marshal's character: "I never bet any stamps on the man who is always telling what he would have did if he



had been there. I have noticed that this kind never git there." At this period PATTERSON arrived from Miami University, bearing a letter from its distinguished head, in which his departure was affirmed to be a "serious loss to the Institution." This example does not properly come under the head of Loss and Gain—it being all loss and no gain. During winter vacation IRWIN, in company with the "undersigned," visited Poughkeepsie, where your Prophet became exceedingly popular as a ballad singer. From remarks which have fallen from his lips, I am inclined to think that he objects to the presence of colored ladies at masquerade-balls, though he admits that they dance with surpassing grace. As time seems to be hanging rather heavily upon his hands at present, I will propose a question which involves a knowledge of polite literature upon which he is so well posted: When one is acting as a lady's escort, when and where should the old German form of salutation be used? The closest corner that your Chronicler ever visited was at Vassar College, when he attempted to explain some of Quilp's aberrations on the supposition that they were the "eccentricities of genius." The cross-examination quite used him up. COMMIE now entered upon the practice of heavy gymnastics, but over-exertion in the use of *dumb bells*, and stronger attractions elsewhere, shortened his visit, greatly to my regret. The beginning of Spring term witnessed the return of PRESCOTT, the Beau Brummel of the class, fresh from the scene of his conquests. One could readily imagine some tearful Juliet exclaiming,

"Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night."

I now come to that "idle LADD" who at this time took charge of a small but promising female seminary, established on an entirely new plan—free tuition and great *unity* among the classes being among the more prominent features. I have every reason to suppose that the most popular, though, with the exception of MERRILL, the laziest man in college, brought to his task (?) a genial heart and very winning manners. The "Rose of Sharon," (Vt.) in reply to a question from our Professor of Intellectual Philosophy, stated that if two barbarians, totally

unacquainted with language, should meet, they would experience considerable difficulty in carrying on a conversation; while BRICKETT, in elucidating the same idea, thought that they would be apt to call each other names. MAYNARD was agreeably surprised to learn that he held the same opinion with Hamilton, which is certainly an argument in favor of the theory that great minds run in the same channel. HAYWOOD, with a metaphysical acumen that would have inspired the ashes of Sir William, promulgated the "cosmopolitan" faculty. The general obscurity of PALMER's replies indicates that he has adopted Talleyrand's definition of language. ATWOOD has never been accused of prolixity in the class-room, though he narrates with great fluency the gallant feats which Leach's dog performed at *Fort Union*. WHIPPLE, class delegate to the fire which occurred on the first of last April, thought it must be a "sell," when he reached the top of Norwich hill. Shortly after the commencement of Summer term, PALMER appeared with his *new hat*, which he informed us was of the latest style. As he had just returned from the "Hub," and no one had ever seen one like it before, we were, Polus-like, unable to refute the assertion. WRIGHT now conceived a great partiality for metaphysical studies, especially the Law of Association, which so delighted him that he pursued it far into the night. Given, a lighted hall, with door ajar, and a crowd of observant Freshmen on the opposite side of the street, to find out the exact duration of a good-night kiss. For the benefit of those who have never perused the enchanting pages of Chase's Algebra, I would suggest that this example might be solved by the *rule for subtraction*, as defined by HILL. If the coat does not fit, my dear sir, don't be so foolish as to put it on. During Senior vacation the Nine visited Amherst,—KETCHAM having obtained permission from WALLACE to be absent a few days. The game of base-ball proved so exciting to MOSHER that he made the principal part of one night hideous by shouting *ball* and extemporizing musical entertainments. MATHER illustrated the fate of that unfortunate camel which lost its life through excessive capillary treatment. IRWIN, while reflecting upon the total depravity of humanity, button-holed PALMER, and gave him a free lecture on morality, enforcing his remarks by gently tapping his



audience under the eye, after which we listened to a poetical narration of family matters, from which I learned that his father was a shepherd, and used to feed his flocks on the Grampian Hills. LADD enjoyed the concert very much, but could n't keep track of the "shunes." IRWIN and WHIPPLE incurred the displeasure of the Reed Hall fraternity by rousing them some time after midnight with a demand for the "III Vol. of Victor Cousin's Philosophy of History." MERRILL protested that there was no such work extant, and was gratified to learn that his visitors had been harboring a similar idea. Not content with the information which they had gained, our two heroes cruelly tied in with a fish-line the individual who believes that "all quadrupeds are alike," knowing that he would be too lazy to get out himself. BARTLETT still looks remarkably well for a man whose time and attention has been engrossed by the care of "half a million." It must be admitted that he has shown great business tact, though he *tacked* rather too many times when he started for the Episcopal Church and found himself at Reed Hall. He was evidently "under the influence of some unnatural excitement." The only objection I can find against this individual, is, that his heart is covered with photographic paper and takes an impression of every pretty face that he chances to meet. Every thing, I suppose, must have an end, though your Chronicles came very near proving an exception to the rule. If the record has bored you, I can truthfully say that its compilation has not been a labor of love with me. I yield the *bema* with great pleasure to our Prophet, who will shortly preside over the grand lottery of our destinies, in which I have no reason to suppose I shall draw a blank.

MY CLASSMATES: Our College course has been one of fraternal harmony, and the links in the golden chain of friendship are still unbroken. May the sympathetic chord which has united us in one brotherhood vibrate with the latest swing of life's pendulum!

# PROPHECIES.

BY JOHN N. IRWIN, KEOKUK, IOWA.

“ All is here.

The elements of the world are at my feet,  
Above me and about me ; now would I  
Be and do somewhat beside that I am.  
Canst thou not give me some ethereal slave,  
Of the pure essence of an element—  
Such as my bondless brain hath oft times drawn  
In the divine insanity of dreams—  
To stand before me and obey me, spirit ?

Call out, and see if aught arise to thee.

Green dewy earth, who standest at my feet,  
Singing and pouring sunshine on thy head,  
As naiad native water, speak to me !  
I am thy sun, canst thou not now, as once,  
Bring forth some being dearer, liker to thee  
Than is my race,—Titan or tiny fay,  
Stream-nymph or wood-nymph ?  
\* \* \* \* Call elsewhere, old earth is hard  
Of hearing, may be.

I beseech thee, sea !  
Tossing thy wavy locks in sparkling play,  
Like to a child awakening with the light  
To laughter. Canst thou not disgorge for me,  
Of all thy sea-gods one, or sea-maids ?

None.

I half despair. Fire ! that art slumbering there,  
Like some stern warrior in his rocky fort,  
Hast none at hand to do my bidding ? Come !  
Breathe out a spirit for me.

\* \* \* \* Air ! and thou, wind,  
Monarch of all the elements ! hast thou  
No soft æolian sylph, with sightless wing,  
To spare a mortal for an hour ?

Peace, peace.

Are all

Mine invocations fruitless, then ?

They are.”

“ And for this reason, since 1854, when Class-day was inaugurated in Dartmouth College, each successive prophet has conjured up a spirit, or demon, or angel, or dream,

to assist him in his prophecies. In these endless tasks my ghosts, good and bad, declare themselves averse to participating longer, especially as they have been misused by being compelled to perform all the work, while the prophets get all the honor. I am sorry for you, Sir; but will say frankly that I will not permit my ghosts longer to furnish brains for Dartmouth College."

With this refusal to allow any of his servants to enlist under my prophetic banner, I turn despondingly away, and am tempted, by the awful prospect of failure before me, to apply to Macbeth's witches for their recipe.

"Eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind worm's sting, lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble, like a hell-broth boil and bubble,  
Cool it with a baboon's blood, then the charm is firm and good."

But as I must use the material offered me by the class in itself, I am glad to say that, with respect to '67, I am unable to obtain the ingredients necessary for the complete working of the charm. For in *the* class, my class, which I have the honor to represent for the ensuing fifteen minutes, there are neither newts, nor frogs, nor dogs, nor lizards, nor baboons, nor adders. We have no blind worms though, as we are all worms; according to scripture, we have those who can only "see through a glass darkly." Having no Turk's or Tartar's lip, yet we possess an Oriental Hindoo, who may also be called a very good *bat* (*vide* base ball annals), but who has very little *lip*, though considerable *cheek*. Neither have we an owl, though a very fair substitute in the *Spectre*, whom I would gladly have employed to assist me in the compilation of this weird peering into the future, had not his time been occupied by the preparation of his Fourth of July oration, and my utter inability to keep my fingers for any length of time upon his flitting form.

Pondering well all these things, my classmates, I find that I am forced to cut a new path to greatness, and can not follow, owing to lack of extraneous help, the well beaten path of my more fortunate predecessors. I say boldly, then, that my inspiration is given me by you; that you elected me to be inspired, and that all my powers of divination date their origin from Saturday, the 13th of April last. Therefore, all my faults are chargeable, through the medium of your Prophet, to yourselves alone,

for with old Juvenal, the delight of junior year, I can say, astronomy and moonlight promenades to the contrary, "*motus astrorum ignoro : funus promittere patris nec volo, nec possum : ranarum viscera nunquam Inspexi.*" My motto shall be, "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they will." Should any of these nomadic splinters happen, unmeant by your seer, to strike hard just where you are *accidentally* uncovered by the armor of innocence, I can but cry "forgive me, I never will do so again." But my advice to you is the same as Willard's to the enraged Johnnie Roach, when in quest of his hat: "Be docile, Johnnie, be docile, you will live much longer." It is true there is a well, a fount whence might be drawn the power to foresee and foretell; a vapor which, like that of the Scandinavian bodes, will mount to the brain and produce illusions. But this kind of inspiration is already too common among us; it is generally concealed in black bottles, called our "long-necked friends," and is always open to conviction from a cork screw. Slightly altering Shakspeare, let us say, "throw such physic to the Juniors, we'll none of it." 'Tis a fact, too, that we might have some of Lijah's pop beer, which the selectmen, I believe, call a stimulant; with all due deference to the wisdom and *taste* of the aforementioned rulers and magnates, justices of the peace *et cetera*, we would greatly prefer water as being the more strong, more stimulating, more invigorating, of the two beverages.

As, however, these prophecies must be written, and I have been deputed to do it, I will only say that I shall make use of imagination, so far as in me lies, (no emphasis on the last word) nor shall I say "give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination," for the substitute for civet sold by *our* apothecary is, I am told, most execrable rye whiskey, which, of course, would never do for your seer. It may be said here, *en parenthese*, that our worthy chronicler does not use civet. This is inserted merely for the purpose of warding such an injurious suspicion from so excellent a man and brother.

This rambling discourse will, I hope, bear to you its own excuse, as I fear to approach my patients—my subjects, as the parlance of the dissecting-room goes, directly.

From my position here I can plainly see, and I call no "spirit from the vasty deep" to help me, the lowering



brow of Ketcham, our youngest class-babe, who is vainly trying to remind me of his threatened flogging if I predict to him a severe future, even though I augur from his infantile present. Be easy, my captain, your prophet can not be "coughed" by any remark that "this is a fool statement and you know it." Bartlett's face looks to me appealingly, as if reminding me of my ingratitude in forgetting those invitations to ice cream and, I came almost saying, wine punches. Put not your trust in princes or prophets, Bart., we are only men after all, only mortals despite our prerogatives. And, too, I can see Daddie Willard, always preserving the dignity of a Judge, yet fearful of the well merited vengeance which, as a dim shadow, is wheeling and circling round his head like the mist on Mount Ascutney; and well may he set his teeth and prepare for the coming storm. Visions of Poughkeepsie rise before me, and though my feeling of friendship for my future law partner holds me back to a certain extent, so that I tell not all I know, yet, as I am now engaged in the cause of humanity and right, I must be impartial, and shall permit no personal feelings to sway me from the path of rectitude, and undeviating truth, but shall "lay on and spare not," especially upon the broad shoulders and broader jokes of our "jumping jack," Johnnie Roach—our Grand Marshal of the imposing personal appearance.

It may be well to state here, for the information of those to whom my name and calling are unknown, that my business is that of a Prophet, and that I am nameless here for evermore, since the chronicler, I mean the fellow with the mutton-chop whiskers, who has just sat down, has finished his imaginative stories, equaled no where in literature except by Baron Munchausen and the Veracious Gulliver. My business is also to say something funny about thirty-eight (38) men, at which you are all bound, by sacred custom and a regulation of the faculty, to laugh heartily, no matter whether you see the point of the jokes or not. To save trouble on your part, I now assure you that there is "exceeding much wit" in every sentence of my discourse, and you can not, therefore, possibly laugh amiss. I may also say, and violate no confidence, betray no trust, that each and every member of the class, from Charles Francis Atwood to Amos Willets Wright, has given me full permission to use his name as often as



I thought best, and have all besought me, with tears in their eyes, to give them as much prominence in these mystic pages as was compatible with their public and private weal; especially have our Marshal, with the ductile muscle and agile body, whom you see seated here in all the "glorious pomp and circumstance" of his high office, trying hard to look unconscious, and Hill, our cloud-capped granite Hill (we call him granite on account of his hardness), and Ketcham, our ex-police officer; Bartlett too, must not be forgotten; he also pines for the immortality (I mean immortality) of my deathless pages. Do not despair, Bart. The "light is lamped" which shall bear you down to your posterity, if you have any, with the fresh bloom of innocence still lingering on thy glowing cheeks. King, in those dulcet tones with which we are familiar, prays me "not to let him die, and like a dull worm, to rot, &c." I won't dear *pater rex*. Be assured that your memory is ever green to me, and that I will give it a plot on which to grow. McNeice, the orator of the day, has so hired me (shall I confess the venal story), that I am bound, in honor, to put his name here, surrounded by all that shall render it imperishable. Why! Mac, "I would not do without thee for all this world contains." And Willard appealeth beseechingly, in voice so tender that 't would woo the flinty-hearted syrens from their rocky home on the deathly sea shore, or beget him sympathy in Vassar Female College even, to give him a place in at least one line. The entire class has asked this favor, and *these* names are mentioned merely because first occurring to memory.

The question now troubles me as to what peculiar position I can take so as to most readily divine the future lives, or incidents in the lives, of my classmates here assembled; for all of you, that is,—the audience, are to believe that these prophecies are *ex tempore*, or, to translate for Palmer's benefit, who unfortunately was absent when we studied Latin, these prophecies are supposed to be conceived and delivered without any aforethought or previous consideration, which supposition is, I may say, utterly without foundation. Thinking the matter all over then, noticing its bearings on every side, putting the pro's here and the con's there, and striking a balance between them, I have decided to turn the little study in Reed Hall into a

Prophet Shop, and to manufacture you such futures as shall suit my fleeting fancy. Bear in mind, however, that I shall not be arbitrarily confined to one spot, but shall roam over space, time and action, as free as air, a regular Asmodeus.

It is to be hoped, my classmates, that none of you will take offense at the positions in which it is my painful duty to place you, for though, for a time, I am gifted with second sight, yet my ability in that line is not infallible, and I probably shall err sometimes—on purpose. I shall try to give you all as pleasant and respectable futures as possible, but you must not blame your own blind instrument if the *respectability* does not always attend your allotted portions of life. It rests wholly with yourselves how good or how bad you may be. Judging from the present, your Seer would say that, in the time to come, you will, every one, be eminently respectable in your peculiar lines, whatever they may be.

Sitting *pensively* in the aforesaid room, then, before me pass, in single file, the members of the class. I am beholding you now in A. D. 1877. First upon the scene appears Tom Lecky, arrayed in gorgeous gold and green, resplendent in a suit of clothes marked with the insignia of Brigadier General of the Irish Republic, and holding in one hand a banner, with the British Lion sprawling on the ground, with a shamrock branch for a tail, and a harp in his fore paws, upon which he plays alternately "Erin go bragh" and "Wearing of the green." In the other hand Tom carries a parchment on which I can read, near sighted as I am, his commission as Professor of Edwards on the Will in the Fenian College, Cork; on it also are the characteristic mottoes "but, yet, notwithstanding, nevertheless, if it isn't one it's t'other, or both, or neither." Close behind Tom comes a fat, greasy little ghost, shrieking (as Hook did in revolutionary times, beef, beef, beef) doughnuts, doughnuts, doughnuts. Inquiring the cause of his anguish he tells me that he furnished doughnuts for the subsistence of the Fenians, and "that's where they got their quartermaster stores," and that he had been paid in Fenian bonds, worth nothing on the dollar. Leading me to his grave, I saw a mound with a huge doughnut, six feet high, for a head stone, on which was lettered this legend: "Here lies

Henry Clay Henderson. Good for 117 doughnuts, but rashly trying the 118th he was choked to death. From doughnuts he sprang—to doughnuts faithful in death, he returneth.” “*Farina nuces jucundis-simum illi fuit*”—it was doughnuts to him. Abram Brown, after making a pilgrimage to *Canterbury*, turned sailor, and singing “his song” went over the “Herring pond.” From all accounts it is to be feared that “he was lost—he was drowned in the sea.” I think he is now a mermaid, as his sex was never accurately known in College, and is sitting on a coral bed in the depths of the “sounding sea” combing his lank hair with a clam shell. Abe will make a great sensation wherever she goes. Cate, our Cate, is in the *Epsom* salts business, much to Roach’s, our Grand Marshal’s, discomfiture, who wished to create a monopoly in the pill line. The superior quality of Cate’s medicine, however, combined with McMurphy’s representations, have driven Johnnie’s pills out of the market. We overheard a dispute between two young ladies lately—one saying that Cate did, and the other that Cate did n’t. What it was all about I was unable to learn, but from what is known of Cate I would say that he did no such thing, and even if he did ’t was all right. Cotton Mather, forgetting the purity of his descent from the strictest of strict puritans, is supporting his forty-two children, all girls but one, by playing first old woman in a Cleveland Theater. He is sometimes debarred from acting by the rheumatism, but when he does perform he is the delight of all play-goers from the naturalness of his representation. Goodhue and Reed have formed a partnership and together make a very good head of a Mormon family. Though they have thus fallen from grace, yet it will gratify you to know that they are not utterly lost—as they still vote the good, sound, save-the-country, grand old Democratic ticket. Joe Edgerly is High Cockalorum of the Masons, Chief Cook of the Odd Fellows, but has been expelled from the Good Templars on account of the—dyspepsia. He is agent for every Insurance Company on the Globe, and insures against all kinds of fire but one—brimstone rendering null a policy. Joe stands a very good chance for the governor-ship of New-Hampshire. He runs every year for the nomination, just to keep his hand in; and, as he is fast growing wealthy from the



spoils, will soon be able to buy up the regular and requisite majority, and so will follow in the footsteps of his \$1000 per annum predecessors.

It is now twelve at night—

“Suddenly I hear a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping,  
Rapping at my chamber door,”

opening which in flits the Spectre. As we chat I learn his history, since leaving college. Condensed, it appears that he has been missionary to the wild Vermonters, lawyer, tin-peddler and bar-keeper. It has been, however, he says, his delight to visit old Dartmouth once a year, and give a pea nut drunk—thus kindling anew his old affections. After remaining eight hours and a half, Charles H. Mann, seeing symptoms of retiring on my part, asks if Wright still rooms with me. On my replying in the affirmative, he says he is sorry, as he had expected to stay all night, and adds that he supposed I would n't object to sleep three in a bed. For an answer I sent him over to sleep with Hill, and they make the “long and short” of the Spectre's history. George Abijah Mosher followed for a time the vocation of water-man, but failing to make a living, became a Vermont lawyer and finally starved to death, as no boarding-house in the State would admit him to the table after a single exhibition of his terrible prowess with knife and fork. It is supposed that his death was accelerated by a cold caught while lying on the damp ground, singing “music in the air.” The ruling passion was strong in death, and poor Mosher died with the idea that the king of terrors was getting up something new on purpose to “grind” him. On his tomb is engraved the mournful but pregnant sentence *vivebat edere*. *Mulberry* succeeded at last in finding *ball*. Little Sam Prescott, even after graduating, could not abstain from his favorite vice of pledging Freshmen. While working his jaws at this delectable employment, he was seized with lock-jaw and has never been able to shut his mouth since. The mothers in his neighborhood use him to frighten their talkative children, pointing him out as a fearful example to prove the old adage that “little boys should be seen but not heard.” Sanborn is preaching in Coös County, and is a very acceptable pastor, never failing to attend a dinner party. Those who have heard him preach

say that his mind bears a wonderful resemblance to Sir James Hamilton's and Jonathan Edwards'. Bob Wallace is still in Henniker and is a Justice of the Peace. "With fair round belly and good capon lined," he presides over his high court, and with his wonted suavity deals out justice and logic in the same breath. Bob would be a respectable man if he would not so "mingle tales" together, a habit he acquired Sophomore year. Pat at first taught school, and presided over one of those rills, other than water that trickle down the sunny slopes of Vermont's green hills. Finding these two employments incompatible, he embarked in the dog trade, but failed, owing to an unfortunate proclivity he had of presenting dogs to his lady friends, and delivering them in their own parlors. Thus Pat fell into disgrace through no fault of his own; for if ever honesty, generosity, sound head and good heart, were united, they exist in our class-mate, John H. Patterson. Pat is now in Missouri with "them fellers" in a saw mill.

As I was traveling in the Rocky Mountains, in the year '75, I happened to ascend one of the highest peaks. Up among the fleecy clouds, far above the earth, and so removed from its baser passions, I beheld a form moving swiftly along in the same hurried manner as once crossed the street to Prof. Haskell's. To my joy I recognized C. R. Haywood. After a warm welcome he invited me to his camp. Arriving there, I saw with wonder a dozen or more huge coffee-pots. On asking the use of these, he told me that he had discovered that boiling old pipes in coffee-pots added so much to their sweetness and value that they command a ready sale, and he was fast making a fortune. Cassius protested solemnly, however, against the slander of his enemies, that he boiled his pipes and coffee in the same vessel. I almost forgot to say that he had quite a robust looking digger Indian squaw for a wife, who at dinner, served us up a very civilized pudding.

Jack Green is now captain of the Atlantics, and is considered to be the best base baller of any age or clime. He also owns one of the largest *elevators* in Buffalo, which, however, is a minor matter. You are not to think, from these facts, that Mr. Johnson is by any means a Buffalo rough, as he is yet the same gentlemanly Jack. Hill is a Methodist preacher in Concord, and is as gentle, suave,



kind, respectful and courteous as of yore in our college days. His sermons are characterized by that forcible language with which we were so well acquainted. His favorite sermon has for the text, "Paul as an ugly customer." Hill is also one of the most prominent republicans in New-Hampshire, and his voice is always raised in favor of all the down-trodden and oppressed of the earth. The poor negroes are his especial care. He maintains several at his own or congregation's expense, and it is understood in Concord's upper ten that he is soon to lead to the hymeneal altar one of South-Carolina's fairest, but blackest daughters. May he be happy.

Dearborn has now seen his half century of human life, and is Superintendent of Public Instruction in Massachusetts. He is still erect and vigorous, and a grand-father, and his hair is of as fresh a hue as when a playful and prankish Senior. His enemies attribute this to Christadoro's Hair Dye, but I do n't believe it. Wilson married his landlady; changed his name for the sake of the property, and is the flourishing proprietor of a haberdasher's shop; also of a *sawing* establishment. King is an orator and editor, and does not give the lie to his youthful promise. He harangues temperance societies and village lyceums, and can be secured for two dollars per evening. He is also a member of the Massachusetts Legislature; that body, which, having used up all practical ideas, now debates nothing but abstract theories. King is a good member of the body. I heard him in one of the debates in which the question was, "whether genius was merely a bundle of inferences, or a concatenated syllogistic ratiocination." King, of course, advocated the latter. He said, "Mr. Speaker, I shall not remain silent while I have a voice that is not dumb in this assembly. The gentleman, Sir, can not expostulate this matter to any future time that is more suitable than now. He may talk, Sir, of the Herculean revolutions where republics are tergiversated in Artic regions, and the work of centuriums refrigerate to ashes; but, Sir, I can tell him, indefatigably, that the consequences therefrom, multiplied subterraneously by the everlasting principles contended for thereby, can no more shake this resolution than the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these walls, or the howl of the midnight tempest conflagrate the marble statue into ice." That is what he said.

I heard him nine hours in the same strain, and I see by the Boston Journal that he is still occupying the floor.

Brickett was for a time proprietor of M. & A.'s Minstrel Troupe, and, for the eminent qualities shown therein, became the head of Exeter Academy, where he succeeds in putting the boys *through* in two years, instead of three. Brick's early education convinced him of the feasibility of this plan. Wherever he goes, or whatever he does, may success attend, generous, single-hearted, popular Brick. I know that you, classmates, will heartily join me in the wish. Charlie Atwood is not the quack-doctor proprietor of "Atwood's Bitters." We know him too well for that. On the contrary, Charlie is married, runs an oyster shop, and still tells his "old, old story" of a winter evening, with the old gusto. Joe Ladd ran a "tea plantation" for a short period, but was tempted into a large "speculation," and finally stranded at Grout's Station, Massachusetts, where he remains, vainly inquiring the way to Goose Pond. Your prophet fears that Joe's stay at Grout's will be quite lengthy, as he has forgotten the road. Joe is a stout Yorkist, having routed the forces of *Lancaster* on the Hampshire race-course in a *pitched* battle.

C. C. Woodman is as *powerful* as in days "lang syne," when he "larded the lean earth." He ran a Cape Cod singing school for some months, but, on it being reported by Roach, who was jealous of Charlie's superiority with the ladies, that he was really one of Pharaoh's fat kine, was forced to leave, by the indignant Coddies, whom he coddled na mair. Arriving in Boston, and imprudently showing "hissself," he was immediately chosen Alderman of the Hub, and is now required, *much to his disgust*, to eat 340 times per year in the presence of the Japanese and other barbarians, who come to inspect our institutions, of which Charles is not the *least*. They all unite in declaring Woodman the most wonderful sight in the country. The King of the Cannibal Islands had his feelings so touched by the tempting sight that he bid high for his possession, offering two strong minded old women in exchange. The Bostonians, however, refused to part with him, even for so large a bribe, declaring that they would as soon sell Bunker Hill as Woodman. The Cannibal King departed, with tears in his eyes, and has since starved to death, in despair of ever eating the little

*tit bit.* It is almost needless to add that Charlie is a strong puseyite.

McDavitt and Maynard kept a partnership billiard saloon, &c., in Manchester. Using their own implements of trade too much, they failed, and, seeing the error of their ways, became regenerated, and are now itinerant preachers; Mac a new light, and Burr a hard-shell Baptist.

Since the above, I learn that they have retired to Carlisle, Scotland, and have "hung their banners on the outer wall." Long may they wave, for in both Mac and Burr, exist the very souls of self-denial and kind-heartedness. Burr has quit gymnastics since his last great feat. Whipple and Noyes formed a partnership and practiced law in Jersey. That benighted State wished to arrest one of them, but did not know which to take, as the friends wanted to enact the *roles* of Damon and Pythias, or Achilles and Patroclus, with the little exception that neither was willing to play Pythias or Patroclus. Jersey, glad to get rid of both, seized the opportunity and the culprits, with the connivance of the State of New-Hampshire and others, and hung Noyes over a slow fire until he was done brown, at the same time compelling Whip, to his great anger, to stand for ever Phi Beta. Noyes is now partner of George Peabody, the banker; they both hailing from Georgetown, Mass., B. C. doing the business in Georgetown, and Peabody in London. Bainbridge is a good man, and a *prop* of Beecher-church, but wont sing in the choir on Sunday nights. Whip is quite a respectable character for New-Jersey. They are both as ever celi-bates, but Ezekiel the more so. Thomas is a Presbyterian preacher of the "rale ould" Calvin stock, and preaches true blue John Knox orthodoxy. He is pastor of a church in Contocookville, N. H., the land he loves so well, and lives high on seventy dollars a year and run of the kitchen, which last perquisite he much prefers to his regular salary; always being on hand at hash. Tom is also constable and tax-gatherer (O. B. A. tacks) and temperance lecturer, holding up Quilp as an awful example of tippling, which the aforesaid Quilp by no means resents, as Tom, for his own purposes, keeps him well supplied with the ardent. Tom also varies the monotony of his parochial duties by acting as agent for Mack and Arnold's Minstrel Troupe, with Pat as doorkeeper. The Rev. Alfred A. Thomas, while act-



ing as such agent, goes under the *nom de plume*. of George Tillinghast. McMurphy is in the *syrup* trade in Vermont, and, though his profits are large, they are much reduced by Woodman and Palmer's stealings. Through the medicinal qualities of his beverage, however, Mac hopes soon to acquire a competency. On his bottles, Mac places a label, with a sentence to draw attention to his nostrum after the manner of Hostetter and Drake. It runs thus: "Kentucky was formerly a vast wilderness, inhabited only by the red man of the forest." Underneath this is a picture of Brick in his happiest moments.

As the dessert always comes after the substantial, as the end of a novel is its most exciting part, so we now come to McNeice, and Merrill, and Wright, and Ketcham, and Willard, and Palmer and Bartlett. Of these, Merrill is in jail—for laziness! He was first put in the poor-house, but proved too lazy for that. He did not become so at once, but progressed rapidly, and, finally, became too lazy to do any thing but eat. A friend of his told me the affecting story which preceded and brought on his incarceration. His peculiar infirmity at last grew upon him to such an extent that he determined to die rather than work. His friends, knowing his character, would not feed him, and, finally, he appointed a day for his own funeral. So into a wagon he was placed, and off he rode. On the way to the graveyard, his dearest friend met the *cortege*, and told Merrill that he would furnish him corn enough for one year, if he would but consent to live. Charles, without raising his head from his box, asked if the corn was shelled. "No, was the reply. "Drive on," was C. H.'s laconic order to the driver. This so disgusted his friends that they sent him to the Haverhill jail, where he now resides, leading a very *cheequered* existence.

Ketcham is dispensing lager beer and the Indiana State School Fund at the same time. He is also Chief of Police in Indianapolis, and would like to be a justice of the peace, and thus unite the executive and judiciary. For Tom's information I will say, that Cap. is married to a "first class woman," and is probably the most popular Dutchman in Indiana. But, alas! his old, manly form has sadly changed; no longer can he stand erect upon his head. Too much lager has altered the point of balance, and Cap. is very obese. McNeice and Wright

have engaged in the Jew clothing business together. The partners possess peculiarly good qualifications for their trade; McNeice, because he knows the price, texture and quality of every coat, pant or vest, he ever saw or expected to see; and Wright, as he makes a first rate exhibiting block, and enlivens a show window brilliantly. In fact, as a walking advertisement of the combined tailoring establishment, he appears as though he were melted and poured in. On the streets he is forced to carry a club to keep off the women. The partners started in life with a basket of China ware, which they traded for "old clothes." Beginning in a small way they bid fair in a few years to be worth \$1000 each. They are both very decent fellows, however, and deserve a better fate. Mac's only fault is the too frequent use of an objurgation marvelously resembling the abbreviation of the title of Doctor of Divinity. Yet, withal, it is sad to think of two such bright intellects sunk so low. Mac, instead of orations, writes clothing bills, and Amos composes poetical advertisements. Oh Orator! Eheu Poet! How are the mighty fallen. Amos has charge of the *button* department, while Mac looks after the prices. P. S. Wright is not yet married. Bartlett is working in a distillery in Peoria, Ill., and maketh money fast, which he as fast doth spend. He was for a long while a guide in the White Mountains, but his locomotive powers became so impeded by a peculiar infirmity, that he was forced to desist from that lucrative occupation, and take up one in which his hands would be free. He chafes even now at the idea of working in a distillery. But "to these base uses do we come at last." He hopes soon to be freed from work, as he has patented a new method of placing ladies in the saddle. He has a nicely fitted up room, to which he invites his friends, telling them to make themselves at home, "as every thing he owns is theirs." But with all these things I will say that Bart. is a true gentleman, and deserved a better fate, which I could not in justice to the class give him.

Palmer now sighs for his future. Ah, Johnnie, I could not forget you if I would, and I would not if I could. Roach is, and has been, since leaving College, in all kinds of traffic, including the vending of tax-evading cigars. "Better than ten cent ones, Sir; only cost three."



Johnnie still peruses the page of human nature on N—Street, and pays dearer for his information than if he got it of more respectable teachers. I am told that John was recently to be married to “her of the Cape.” Every thing was in readiness—preacher, bride, company and refreshments; every thing but Palmer. Finally after all had dispersed, and the bride that was-to-be was mourning alone, he appeared, and wanted the ceremony to go on. The bride refused, and Johnnie mourns even yet over the old saying that “procrastination is the thief of time.” It is confidently believed by our hero’s friends that he will appear just too late on the “last day,” and will not find admittance, either into the sheep or goats, but will browse around upon the herbs of eternity, a go-it by himself. He is an eminently successful quack doctor—leaving disease at the very doors of his victims, for which he must be consulted as to the remedy. He is a splendid practitioner for cows—not meaning thereby to call McMurphy a cow. Since predicting the above I learn that J. W. P. is dead. In a paper, under the heading of “great falls,” it is said that J. W. Palmer, a citizen of Wells Fleet, in attempting to climb the height of absurdity—a feat he had often performed before—fell to the ground, and alighted on his head. His brains covered the country for acres round about. I must say here, that I could not close these prophecies without killing one of you. Henderson having foundered, Roach was the only man of you fit to die, or at least to be buried. And now I come to my last patient who, I perceive, has been waiting *patiently*, longingly. I approach him with great bodily fear and reverence of mind.

Our worthy and veracious chronicler now claims our undivided attention. What to do with him I hardly know, but something I must. *Some* future must be laid out for him, as he is utterly and constitutionally unable to make one for himself. He was at first connected with the Vassar Female College Transcript, and, as its affable editor, gained many friends among his lady subscribers. At last, however, he was caught *philandering* under the cedar trees with a “muslin-robed angel,” by the authorities, and unceremoniously ejected from the sacred and time-honored walls of that beer-founded institution. Taking his “*fortune* on his shoulders,” as Atwood says,

he wandered out nearly as destitute as on that memorable cold winter morning, when, borne forty miles from home, without a cent in his pocket (differing in that respect from Haywood, who had a s-cent in his), I lately found him a cabin-boy, or *roustabout*, on a Mississippi steamer, whence I transferred him to my office as messenger. I would take him into partnership for mere pity, were he not so addicted to stretching the long-bow—he having no more idea of veracity than Fra Antonio Agapida, or these prophecies.

And now, my class-mates, I bid you farewell, hoping that you will give me credit for having “set naught down in malice.” In forty-eight hours you will have passed for ever from the portals of our *Alma Mater*. In forty-eight hours you will be liberally educated men. You can see the 18th as well as I. We see the winding procession under the immemorial trees, and along the sunny paths, You occupy the *bema* one by one. Upon you gaze pleased fathers, anxious mothers, pretty sisters, encouraging sweethearts. You see the fluttering of fans; you scent the arabic perfumes, and you hear the inspiring melody of rare music. You receive your diplomas, and emerge from the old church changed from merry boys to sad men. May you have the sweet memory lingering round your hearts, as you grow old and care-worn, that your college days were beneficial; that you spent them, not in

“Toys, nor lust, nor wine,  
But search of deep philosophy,  
Wit, Eloquence and Poesy.”

Though these futures I have given you can not be altered except by yourselves, yet let me implore you, in the words of the sweet old song—

“To horse! to horse, brave comrades, all,  
And don your helmes amaine;  
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call  
Us to the field againe.  
No shrewish tears shall fill our eye  
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—  
Heart-whole we'll part and no whit sighe  
For the fayrest of the land;  
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,  
Thus weepe and puling crye,  
*Our* business is like men to fight,  
And hero-like to die.”

# ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT.

---

BY CASSIUS R. HAYWOOD.

---

HONORED AND RESPECTED SIR: As tired travelers sit down at their journey's end, amidst the splendor of the sunset, to define the countenances seen, and pass before the mind the incidents that have occurred, a feeling of sadness steals over them, which is only dispelled by an anticipation clothed with happiness; and so this occasion suggests alike pain and pleasure, as we look upon the shadowy outline of the long procession as it recedes, filled with actions and events which form another chapter in that volume that covers well nigh a century. Could "we count only those hours that are serene," and take note of time only by its benefits, and neglect the frowns of fate, joy alone would pervade the human heart, and we might, in this happy abstraction, make our lives one long vision of unmolested ease. But the closing year speaks plainly that we must leave our banquet of pleasure to meet in the opening scene which brightens but deceitfully as we approach the gathering storm that decks those purer regions with a dark canopy of clouds. Did we go hence with that experience, which, like the stern light of a ship, enlightens only the track it has passed, we might well fear for our sanguine hopes to encounter sordid realities; but on every hand we are reminded that the same fountain of truth which has nourished so many of the world's great and good, still wells forth its living waters, from which we all together to-day take a long, last draught. As we have looked upon the broad highway of heaven, paved with worlds; upon the mountains, made up by a friendship of little matters; upon the waters paying silent homage to the Almighty as they pass; as we have pondered over the labors of other generations, over the mysteries of infinite wisdom; as we have followed the

everlasting in his word, and analyzed the human mind, we have gained a knowledge that must pass in transfiguration, and come out globed and molded in our every thought and action. And it is with the hope that our minds are becoming more enlightened from the chaos of moral infirmities and intellectual deficiencies, that we venture, with independence of spirit, to span the gulf which sunders the ideal from the real.

HONORED SIR:—It was that same glorious autumn in which we were initiated into the mysteries of student life, that you assumed the robes of office, and the interest that was awakened then, as you entered upon your new duties, has become so strong and vital, that voices from every quarter have responded, which speak forth to-day, not only in that edifice so lately completed, and various plans already in execution, but, also, in an increasing clatter of footsteps in our halls. And may that influence you have so aptly exerted still continue to affect those possessed of a munificent affluence. We regret to think that some of that learned corps of instructors with whom we have been favored; those whose erudition and experience render them most fit, have left to grace the chair in other seats of learning; and we trust the vacant places may be again filled with men of like wisdom and prudence as in the past. Of the class, but a few more than half of those who began are here to-day. Some, through impatience, and others through necessity, have exchanged these classic retreats for the jostling highway of life, and one alone has received that inevitable summons which presses hard upon us all. As some have left us, others have made good their places, and we now, as another class of actors, who have sustained the parts of the passing drama, stand on the verge, which changes the happy smile of social intercourse for the melancholy of final separation. As our ways, which have thus far been the same, must now divide, we depart, an adventurous band, cherishing the deepest sympathy and tenderest interest in you and your associates, and a fond reverence for our *alma mater*, to receive in turn a word of counsel and admonition in our morning promise, that we may with candor and firmness meet “the world and its dread laugh.”



# ODE.

BY CHARLES F. ATWOOD, MALDEN, MASS.

AIR—"Twenty years ago."

The onward course of fleeting time  
Has gathered us to-day,  
To clasp the hand, and drop the tear  
That Friendship bids us pay.  
That Friendship, now so doubly dear  
To us who felt its glow,  
That bound our hearts so firm in one—  
Brothers, four years ago.

The days, the months, the rolling years  
Have fled so swiftly past,  
We scarce can feel, or seem to feel  
That this one is the last.  
The same old faces greet us now  
That once we used to know ;  
When Dartmouth first a greeting gave—  
Brothers, four years ago.

We've fought the fight that honor claimed—  
The good race we have run :  
For truth and manhood boldly struck,  
And now the goal is won.  
Yet still through all our joy and glee  
The starting tear will flow :  
We're parting now—how different then—  
Brothers, four years ago.

But now life's battle-shout invites—  
We're girded for the fight :  
Fond memories we leave behind,  
To strike for truth and right.  
The good right hand of fellowship  
We pledge through weal or woe ;  
The same right hand we proffered then—  
Brothers, four years ago.



## FAREWELL ADDRESS AT THE "OLD PINE."

BY BEN. FRANKLIN BRICKETT, HAVERHILL, MASS.

"To know, to esteem, to love, and then to part,  
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart."

FELLOW-CLASSMATES:—We are assembled here to-day, beneath this umbrageous old pine, to celebrate a custom, which may well be called the pleasantest episode in our closing college days, with, of course, the exception of that inestimable pleasure, of which, Providence permitting, we partake day after to-morrow. You know to what I refer,—“the taking of our diploma.” A boon, to the attainment of which so many have stacked the cards, turned jack, revoked, and put up every possible point during their college course. “*Procul, O Procul este, profani.*”

We are gathered here, to-day, to bid a last adieu to the familiar objects which surround our college home, and, as a band of brothers, to grasp each other by the hand and renew our vows of love and friendship—troths which, we trust, will remain unsevered, wherever life's bark shall bear us. We would, to-day, have those little jealousies, which, during our course, have entered our midst, and produced the germs of estrangement, scattered to the four winds of the heavens; we would that each, and every one of us, now so long together, should say, farewell, classmates, one and all. May thy journey of life be pleasant and prosperous. Truly the poet says:

“'T is death to me to be at enmity.  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.”

Four years ago we came together, “strangers in a strange land.” During that time, we have conquered and been

conquered. No era in history teems with more of fearful disaster and glorious victory than the college course of '67. During a part of our course, as some of you will, perhaps, recollect, we indulged in a certain lore, called Greek; also, in a versatile tongue, called Latin. These we managed easily, and at a small expense (thorough-breds being cheap at that time). Mathematics! "*miserabile dictu!*" How nobly did we charge its fortress. How sick we felt. How shaky 'bout the knee. Some of us scaled its walls, and have received the medal of honor; others, however, by far the most, were repulsed, and driven back in dire dismay—heart-broken victims; but, we would fain not dwell longer on this dire theme. Suffice it to say, of good old mathematics, "*requiescant in pace.*" During our Junior year, we had an introduction to "Mr. Zriny," but did not cultivate his acquaintance extensively, except through the medium of "Meinherr Ketcham," to whom we heartily render a vote of thanks. Logic! How often did we sink into its quagmires of sophistry and learning, only to escape to the surface by allowing the argument. In metaphysics, we acquired that divine art of flunking gracefully; a knack which, we all allow, can be obtained only by long-continued practice and indefatigable laziness.

Modesty restrains me from speaking of Edwards. I will only quote the remarks of one of "sixty-seven's champions." It is much better than a novel, for sweet restorer balmy sleep can not be produced with a novel on account of its interest; but one page of Edwards will produce soporific effects unknown even to ether and laughing gas. Chemistry, we all took to naturally. Confining ourselves to "scientific terms," troubled us the most. We knew all about it, of course, but could not express ourselves; "*vox faucibus hæsit.*"

Our worthy Professor of that science tells us that our college course is worth ten thousand dollars to us. A true statement, no doubt, but I feel quite confident in saying that some of us would prefer the ten thousand; not that we regret our college course in the least, but it is an ancient truism, that "a bird in the hand is worth too in the bush." Be this as it may, we have acquired a jewel which none can wrest from us, and which will, through life, retain its pristine luster. You have heard it said that there is no royal road to knowledge. A king in all his glory

must pursue the same humble paths which we have trod before he can partake of the fruit of this tree. Oh glorious tree of knowledge ! may thy protecting branches shelter the members of old '67 in their heated march of life. With the poet, we would say, "Oh *Woodman*, spare that tree." Exercise your accustomed forbearance, and touch not a single bough." We are now at that point in our journey where our paths, which have run parallel so long, must begin to diverge. Soon we must separate, and although we promise ourselves that we shall meet again, we are but the victims of a delusion. After a few years, we shall become estranged from college ways, we shall form new associations and friendships, and soon forget, or remember with indifference, our quondam friends.

The college *roue*, or D. B. if you choose to call him, I have been told, is frequently the most successful in life (certainly a cheering thought to some of us), while he who is the pride of the Faculty, often settles into a pitiful drone, who can, indeed, scan and construe a Greek Ode or Latin Hexameters, twist mathematics or talk literature and the fine arts, but can not read one sentence in the "book of human nature," and knows but little or nothing of what can benefit himself or others.

I have been told by others, having more experience than we, that these are the dangers which press hard upon us, when we have crossed the "diplomas' bourne." Impracticability ; dread of the tumult and strife of life ; too great timidity ; a fear to grapple with the world ; too great confidence in men and books ; too little self-reliance,—these are the rocks on which the student's bark is apt to be wrecked. Shoals and quicksands offer themselves at every point. He must be on the alert, that no dangers befall him. Let us be alive, then, classmates. The race is just opening for us. Let us gird on our armor and be ready for the fight. The next trump that sounds will be the trump of war, and in the battle of life let us be good soldiers, never weary of doing right. While the actions of others are base and servile, may ours be true and noble. May the thoughts suggested by this scene, together with our past remembrances, incite us to high and noble aims. May we be an honor to the college, a blessing to the world, and true to God. And now, as rise the smoky wreaths from our pipes of peace like incense on the air, so come

up the memories of our past companionship; and as the ashes in your pipes shall be, so, after a little while, shall seem our college days.

Classmates, our college course is ended. • The calumet is smoked out. A long farewell to "Dear Old Dartmouth."



## GRADUATING CLASS.

---

Atwood, Charles Francis,  
Bartlett, Samuel Colcord,  
Brickett, Benjamin Franklin,  
Brown, Abram,  
Cate, Almond Fifield,  
Dearborn, Josiah Greene,  
Edgerly, Joseph Gardner,  
Goodhue, Horace, Jr.,  
Greene, John Bradley,  
Haywood, Rufus Cassius,  
Henderson, Henry Clay,  
Hill, Howard F.,  
Irwin, John Nichol,  
Ketcham, William Alexander,  
King, Charles Francis,  
Ladd, Joseph Hartwell,  
Lecky, Thomas,  
Mann, Charles Hamilton,  
Mather, Frederick Gregory,  
Maynard, Elisha Burr,  
McDavitt, John Joseph,  
McMurphy, Henry James,  
McNiece, Robert Gibson,  
Merrill, Charles Henry,  
Mosher, George Abijah,  
Noyes, Bainbridge Chaplin,  
Palmer, James Wesley,  
Patterson, John Henry,  
Prescott, Samuel Plumer, Jr.,  
Reed, Charles Montgomery,  
Sanborn, Walter Henry,  
Thomas, Alfred Addison,  
Wallace, Robert Moore,  
Whipple, Ezekiel Webster,  
Willard, James Richard,  
Wilson, Albert Gallatin,  
Woodman, Charles Carroll,  
Wright, Amos Willets,

*Malden, Ms.*  
*Peoria, Ill.*  
*Haverhill, Ms.*  
*Canterbury.*  
*Epsom.*  
*South Weare.*  
*Manchester.*  
*West Westminster, Vt.*  
*Buffalo, N. Y.*  
*Fredonia, N. Y.*  
*Williamstown, W. Va.*  
*Concord.*  
*Keokuk, Ia.*  
*Indianapolis, Ind.*  
*Lowell, Ms.*  
*Orange, Vt.*  
*Boston, Ms.*  
*Boston, Ms.*  
*Cleveland, O.*  
*Springfield, Ms.*  
*Boston, Ms.*  
*Derry.*  
*Topsham, Vt.*  
*Haverhill.*  
*Sharon, Vt.*  
*Georgetown, Ms.*  
*Great Falls.*  
*Dayton, O.*  
*Haverhill, Ms.*  
*West Bridgewater, Ms.*  
*Epsom.*  
*Dayton, O.*  
*Henniker.*  
*Jersey City, N. J.*  
*Olivet, Mich.*  
*Russellville, O.*  
*Great Falls.*  
*Springborough, O.*







3 0112 105724329